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LYRICS
BY
A. M'LACHLAN.

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LYRICS

BY

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

" There is a chord
Within the human breast—
A sympathy that ever yawns,
And never is at rest."

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DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. R. J. MACGEORGE,

AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE,

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

He who to Italy of sire Æneas sung,
And left a name whose glory never fades,
Who rivalled Homer with a Roman tongue,
E'en he amid his lowly sylvan shades
Might have remained unknown, and piped unheard,
Had no Mæcenas lived and loved the bard.—LUCAN.

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LYRICS.

THE MINSTREL.

Gentle hearts, O come and listen
  To the wandering minstrel's strain,
Lend to him an ear that's willing,
  Or he sings to you in vain.

He has built, by hope invited,
  Found her promises untrue,
'Mid the ruins of her temple
  Sat him down and wept like you.

Life to him was once an Eden
  Filled with lovely, laughing flowers,
But like you he has been driven
  Far away from her green bowers.

In this maze of sin and sorrow
  Followed many a weary track,
And his harp is all that's left him
  To bring Eden's memory back.

On his heart have pride and passion
  Sin and sorrow left their stain,
Hence the wail of melancholy
  Mingles in his sweetest strain.

Yet within his heart he cherished
  Visions of the good and true,
But in life to realize them
  Baffled he has been like you.

And the mystery of our being
  Heavy on his heart hath lain,
'Till the heavings of his wonder
  Found expression in his strain.

He has tried to learn from nature
  What our little life can mean,
Caught perchance some wav'ring echoes
  Wand'ring from the world unseen.

You and he are chasing phantoms
  And the mirage of deceit,
Blinded by the sands, ye hardly
  Know each other when ye meet,

By the darkness which surrounds you
  Giving and receiving wrong;
But to know and love each other
  Heaven in pity sent us song.

OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm
Drops down on the heart like dew,
And the sunbeams gleam
Like a blessed dream,
Afar on the mountains blue.
Old Hannah's by her cottage door
In her faded widow's cap,
She is sitting alone
On the old grey stone
With the Bible in her lap.

An oak is hanging o'er her head,
And the burn is wimpling by,
The primroses peep
From their sylvan keep,
And the lark is in the sky.
Beneath that shade her children played,
But they're all away with death,
And she sits alone
On the old grey stone
To hear what the Spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,
And her eyes are waxing dim,
But the page is bright
With a living light,
And her heart leaps up to Him
Who pours the mystic harmony
Which the soul can only hear.
She is not alone
On the old grey stone,
Though there's no one standing near.

There's no one left to cheer her now,
But the eye that never sleeps
Looks on her in love
From the Heavens above,
And with quiet joy she weeps.
She feels the balm of bliss is pour'd
In her worn heart's deepest rut;
And the widow lone,
On the old grey stone,
Has a peace the world knows not.

BEN LOMOND.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

I've wand'red rugged Scotland through
From Caithness to the Clyde,
But of all the hills that love the blue,
Ben Lomond thou'rt the pride.

And oft while thinking upon thee
My eyes will overflow,
And still in dreams thy form I see,
As I saw thee long ago.

I see thee wrapt in sable shroud,
While light'nings 'round thee play,
And Ailsa, like a thunder cloud,
Is looming far away.

To thee the storm brought forth his hosts
To sweep the isles afar,
While clouds led on, like sheeted ghosts,
The thund'rer in his car.

And while he mutter'd in his wrath
Old Ben thou wert not dumb,
And shrieking eagles fled his path
At thy dread *hurly hum.*

When Spring in gay green valleys sung,
And clouds away were rolled,
And o'er thy head the rainbow hung
A diadem of gold,

Then thou to me wert all a dream,
The joy of earth and air,
And still to memory thou dost seem
A glory tow'ring there.

And I would give uncounted gold
To see thee once again,
To look, as in the days of old,
On my own giant Ben.

THE GENIUS OF CANADA.

When the Genius of Canada came
From over the western wave,
'Neath southern skies
She heard the cries
Of every weeping slave.

"I'll seek the northern woods," she cried,
"Though bleak the skies may be,
The maple dells
Where freedom dwells
Have a special charm for me.

"For moral worth and manhood there
Have found a favouring clime.
I'll rear a race
To shed a grace
On the mighty page of time.

"And the arts shall flourish 'neath their care,
And the palm of peace shall wave
O'er a home of rest

For the oppressed,
And a refuge for the slave."

Away to the northern woods she flew,
And a lovely home she found,
Where still she dwells
'Mong quiet dells
With her giant brood around.

"And these," she says, "are the hearts we mould
In the land of lake and pine,
Where the Shamrock blows,
And the English Rose
And the Scottish Thistle twine."

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

"Go, saddle me the roan steed
That's champing in the stall,
And bring to me the horseman's cloak
That's hanging in the hall,
For now the warrant's on the way
That dooms my sire to die,
But I will stop the messenger
Though but a woman I.

"O haste thee, haste thee, Donald, haste,
For I must speed away
And get beyond the Scottish bounds
Before the break of day."
"Thy arm is weak, the messenger
A yeoman stout and tall,
And failure in this wild attempt
Brings ruin on us all."

And shall I tamely sit and sigh—
That were a deadly sin;
"STRIKE FOR THE RIGHT has ever been
The motto of our kin.

Away with craven doubts and fears—
The spirit in me saith,
'There's nought but thou canst do and dare
To save a sire from death.'"

Her father's spirit, while she speaks,
Is mounting in her face;
Her bosom heaves with all the heart
Of her heroic race—
She stays no further questioning,
But mounts upon her steed—
The daughter of a patriot,
A heroine indeed.

The stars are twinkling in the vault,
The moon looks down in love,
The while a prayer leaps from her heart
To Him who reigns above,
To nerve her arm to do the deed,
To keep her purpose strong;
Then with implicit hope and trust
She dashes swift along.

And she is waiting in the wood
Until the break of day,
And seizes on the messenger
And bears his bags away.
The pursuivant looks after her,
Confounded at the deed,

And wonders if the Devil rides
    Upon a roan steed.

The ire of the King has cooled,
    And nobles intercede,
While Scotland echoes to the fame
    Of this heroic deed.
O, freedom's dearer purchased by
    A daring daughter's love,
And Cochrane pours his gratitude
    Unto the God above.

THE HALLS OF HOLYROOD.

O let me sit, as evening falls
In sad and solemn mood,
Among the now deserted halls
Of ancient Holyrood;
And think how human power and pride
Must sink into decay,
Or, like the bubbles on the tide,
Pass, pass away.

No more the joyous crowd resorts
To see the archers good
Draw bow within the ringing courts
Of merry Holyrood.
Ah, where's that high and haughty race
That here so long held sway,
And where the phantoms they would chase?
Passed, passed away.

And where the Monks and Friars grey,
That oft in jovial mood,
Would revel till the break of day
In merry Holyrood?

The flagons deep are emptied out,
The revellers all away;
They come not to renew the bout—
Where, where are they?

And where the plaided chieftains bold
That 'round their monarch stood?
And where the damsels that of old
Made merry Holyrood?
And where that fair ill-fated Queen,
And where the minstrels grey,
That made those vaulted arches ring?
Where, where are they?

Though mould'ring are the minstrels' bones,
Their thoughts have time withstood—
They live in snatches of old songs
Of ancient Holyrood.
For thrones and dynasties depart
And diadems decay,
But these old gushings of the heart
Pass not away.

BONNIE JEAN.

Day faded o'er the Highland hills,
    And sweetly rose the lady moon—
The stars were trembling in the rills,
    The sheep within the fauld lain doun—

The weary dove had sought her nest,
    The lark had faulded up her wing,
The linnet sang itself to rest
    Amang the dewy flowers o' Spring.

'Twas not to see the waterfa',
    'Twas not to hear the mavis' sang,
Nor yet to mark the wild flowers a'
    I wandered Lochers' shades amang.

For what was nature's bosom fair,
    Though dress'd in Luna's silver sheen?
O, dearer far beyond compare
    The bosom o' my bonnie Jean.

And what was a' this world to me—
    What a' its brightest, and its best?

More rich than worldling e'er can be,
I clasped her to my beating breast.

And what were gems and jewels rare,
Though on the mantle o' a queen?
One lock of my love's yellow hair
Outweigh'd them on this heart, I ween.

Time fled on raptured wings away,
All underneath that fairy beam,
Until the lark proclaiming day
Awoke us frae our blessed dream.

Who could have thought that gentle moon
Which smiled so sweetly on the wave,
Ere seven times the sun gaed doun
Would smile as sweet on Jeannie's grave?

Who could have thought my bosom's light
Would fade when nature all was gay,
And leave me thus a' in sorrow's night
To wander on my weary way?

Those eyes that beamed on me are dim,
And mine are red with sorrow's rain,
For never in this world of sin
Shall I behold her like again

Earth has no more delights for me,
The summer's day is far ower lang,
There's gloom in every thing I see
And sadness in ilk wee bird's sang.

Still may that bower hang by the stream,
And nought unhallowed e'er profane,
But sacred to love's blessed dream,
And sorrow let it aye remain.

A WRECK.

Andrew was erst the village pride,
And oft 'neath the yew tree shade,
Both old and young,
With rapture hung
On the wond'rous words he said.
But now in the public bar he stands,
With the dizzy drunken crew,
A slounging sot,
In a threadbare coat,
And his elbows peeping through.

How changed since the time he touched our hearts,
As if with a magic wand,
And we thought that he
Would one day be
A wonder in the land;
For while he spake the ages all
Seemed open to the view
Of that gibbering sot,
In the threadbare coat,
With the lips of livid hue.

And from the wreck of old belief
What wond'rous forms he drew,
And how he wrought
Disjointed thought
Into pictures strange and new.
Who could have deemed this mournful change
Would ever come to pass;
A seedy sot,
In a threadbare coat,
Alas! ever alas!

Is this the man of the loving heart,
Which knew no crook nor wile?
For he was free
As man can be
From everything like guile.
His sense of moral worth remains,
Yet he'll do the thing that's mean—
A sneaking sot,
In a threadbare coat,
He sinks to the obscene.

He still presents the lordly brow,
And the great black flashing eyes,
But wan despair
Is seated there
With "the worm that never dies."
The princely port, and the regal air,

And the stately tread are gone—
A palsied sot,
In a threadbare coat,
To the grave he staggers on.

The ghost of his former self will come
And try to break his chain,
He'll curse the cup,
And he'll give it up,
But he seeks it once again.
How mournful are his gibes and jeers,
How sad to hear him sing—
That joyless sot,
In the threadbare coat,
That God-forgotten thing.

The dream of his boyhood haunts him still,
It comes but to annoy,
But he fills the cup,
And he drains it up,
And laughs like the ghost of joy.
The wreck of a richly laden soul
Is surely a fearful thing;
Oh shun the lot
Of that sinking sot
Whose dying dirge we sing.

DYING JOHN.

Come, let us to the woods away,
The joyous Spring to greet;
She comes with music on her lips
And daisies at her feet.
The woods are waiting for us, love,
The flowers their incense bring,
The streams are calling, come away!
The birds are on the wing;
Then haste, O haste, and come with me,
The golden hours are flying.
Care never seeks those sunny bowers,
But love and joy undying.

And see, the lark is fluttering
The dew from off his wings,
And, like a weary soul set free,
Away he soaring sings.
The linnet's in the broom, my love,
The lily's on the lea,
The dawn is lingering on the meads
And beckons, love, on thee;

And youths and maidens in the vale
The flow'ry chaplet's tying,
And hope sings in the ear of love
Her song of joy undying.

But who comes tottering on his staff
All silent and alone?
Who can it be? alas! alas!
Our own dear dying John.
For he would look on Heaven once more,
And see the green woods wave,
And look upon the flowers, that soon
Will bloom upon his grave.
He lingers not with vain regrets,
Nor wastes the hours in sighing,
But loves to look on flowers as types
Of beauty never dying.

He comes to hear the lark once more
Upon its heavenward flight,
To see the daisies, ere his eyes
Shall close in endless night;
He comes to see the primrose bank
Where many an hour he played,
For he would look on it again
In all its charms arrayed;
Joy laughs around him everywhere—
There's no such thing as sighing—

And there he leans, 'midst light and life,
The only thing that's dying.

There's not a murmur on his lips,
No tear his eyelid fills,
Although he knows he'll wither with
The lovely daffodils.
He knows they'll all come back again
In gladness to the burn,
But to his heart the vital Spring
Shall never more return.
But something whispers that for him
The friends he lost are tying
A fadeless chaplet by the fount
Of love and joy undying.

We will not to the woods to-day,
Though joy invites us on,
We'll rather sit upon this bank
And talk with dying John.
Though nature decks the verdant earth
And robes the azure sky,
There's still a want within our hearts
She never can supply.
The joyous heavings of her breast
Are closely link'd with sighing,
And FAITH alone can bear us up
Above the fear of dying.

THE HARP OF CALEDON.

Oh! place the Scot 'neath any sky,
In any land soe'er,
And still his weary heart leaps high
His country's songs to hear.
Then Scotia, may the turf lie light
Above each tuneful son,
Who woke with wonder and delight
The harp of Caledon,
The harp of Caledon,
Who woke with wonder and delight
The harp of Caledon.

A spell is thine which ne'er departs,
A voice that ever sings,
For 'tis the glory of their hearts
That warbles 'mong the strings.
They cloth'd thee with the awe of hills,
The soul of deserts lone,
The mystic murmur of the rills,
Sweet harp of Caledon,
Sweet harp of Caledon,

The mystic murmur of the rills
Sweet harp of Caledon.

They caught the whispers of the bowers,
The murmur of the bee,
They learned the language of the flowers
And taught it all to thee.
The winds that wander 'mong the rocks,
And ocean's eerie moan,
I hear them soughing in thy notes,
Wild harp of Caledon,
Wild harp of Caledon,
I hear them soughing in thy notes,
Wild harp of Caledon.

And though the Scot may cross the sea
And wander far and wide,
He hears again, old harp, in thee
The murmurs of the Clyde;
For they were nature's playmates gay,
Old Scotia's sons of song,
That tune our spirits to thy lay,
Sweet harp of Caledon,
Sweet harp of Caledon,
That tune our spirits to thy lay,
Sweet harp of Caledon.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT TANNAHILL.

Lay him on the grassy pillow,
All his toil and trouble's o'er;
Hang his harp upon the willow
For he'll wake its soul no more.
Let the hawthorn and the rowan
Twine their branches o'er his head,
And the bonnie little gowan
Come to deck his lowly bed.

Let no tongue profane upbraid him,
Here is nothing now but clay;
To the spirit pure that made him
Sorrowing he stole away.
Let the shade of gentle Jessie
From the woods of old Dumblane—
Innocence he clothed in beauty—
Plead not for the bard in vain.

Let the braes of grey Gleniffer,
And the winding Killoch burn,

Lofty Lomond and Balquhither,
    For their sweetest minstrel mourn ;
And the Stanely turrets hoary,
    And the wood of Craigielee,
Waft his name and mournful story
    Over every land and sea.

Let the lily of the valley
    Weep her dews above his head
While the Scottish muse sings *waly**
    O'er her lover's lowly bed.
Lay him on the grassy pillow,
    All his toil and trouble's o'er ;
Hang his harp upon the willow
    For he'll wake its soul no more.

---

*A beautiful old Scots ballad,—" Waly, waly, up yon bank,
And waly, waly, down yon brae."

WHIP POOR WILL.

There is a lonely spirit
Which wanders through the wood,
And tells its mournful story
In every solitude;
It comes abroad at eventide
And hangs beside the rill,
And murmurs to the ear of night,
Whip poor Will.

Oh, 'tis a hapless spirit
In likeness of a bird,
A grief that cannot utter
Another woful word,
A soul that seeks for sympathy,
A woe that won't be still,
A wandering sorrow murmuring,
Whip poor Will.

THE STAMP OF MANHOOD.

Come, let us sing to human worth,
    'Tis big hearts that we cherish,
For they're the glory of the earth
    And never wholly perish.
All nature loves the good and brave,
    And showers her gifts upon them;
She hates the tyrant and the slave
    For manhood's stamp's not on them.

Thine eye shall be the index true
    Of what thy soul conceiveth;
Thy words shall utter firm and few
    The things thy heart believeth:
Thy voice shall have the ring of steel,
    The good and brave will own thee;
Where'er thou art each heart shall feel
    That manhood is upon thee.

And if stern duties are assign'd
    And no one near to love thee,
Be resolute, nor look behind,

The Heavens are still above thee;
And follow truth where'er she leads,
Though bigots frown upon thee,
Your witnesses will be your deeds
If manhood's stamp is on thee.

Let hope around thy heart entwine
Thy loadstar's love and duty,
And every word and deed of thine
Will be embalmed in beauty,
And goodness from her highest throne
Will blessings pour upon thee,
Thee nature's soul will love to own
If manhood's stamp is on thee.

JEANIE SEMPEL.

No flower that in the garden grows
With Jeanie Sempel can compare,
Her face is sweeter than the rose
And ne'er was lily half so fair.
Her eyes are blue, her lips are red,
Her voice it has a silver sound,
And like the circle's sunbeams shed,
Her hair in ringlets ripple 'round.

To nature's beauties I had bent
And worshipped many a lovely thing,
But never knew what magic meant
Until I heard my Jeanie sing.
Though simple as the song of birds,
Yet with the spell my heart was bound,
A rapture welling from the words,
And like her ringlets rippled 'round.

There's grace within her airy tread,
And meekness in her gentle smile,
The light of beauty 'round her shed
And she unconscious all the while;

O happy, happy may she be,
    And never care nor sorrow wound,
And richer than an emperor he
    Whose heart her ringlets ripple 'round.

PAST AND PRESENT.

"Consider it warilie; read oftener than anis."—GAVIN DOUGLAS.

It was about the midnight hour,
The dew was heavy on the flower,
The winds were hush'd, the woods were still,
And silence hung upon the hill;
Afar upon the white walled town
The waning moon looked sadly down,
And all was quiet by the rill,
Save when the wand'ring Whip-poor-Will
By fits sent forth its weary wail
To pity in the Greenwood vale.

The busy world to sleep had gone,
Yet I sat musing all alone,
I heard the bat's wing rise and fall,
The cricket chirp upon the hall,
The cat was watching by the seams,
Old Towser hunting in his dreams,
While I was wrapt in admiration
Of this, our age's elevation,

And drawing mony a queer contrast
Between the PRESENT and the PAST.

Says I, "We've reach'd a height sublime
Ne'er dream't o' in the olden time,
Where we may safely sit at last
And look wi' pity on the past;
Old Superstition's dead and gane,
She dee't wi' mony a dreary grane—
For Knowledge the regenerator
Fought wi' her till he fairly beat her—
Of sic a feat we weel may brag,
We've fairly kil't the gruesome hag.

"Our fathers sure were silly fools,
Wi' ghosts and jougs and cutty stools,
And then they lived in sic like biggins
Wi' nocht but strae rapes for their riggins.
Could they but from their graves be brought
To see the wonders we have wrought,
How they would marvel at the sight,
And think their bairns had a' gane gite.
Wadna' they gape and stare and stammer,
And talk o' witchcraft and o' glaumer?

"I'd like to hear my great grandsire
Commenting on the electric wire,
And on our ships o' ships the wale

That snoove on without wind or sail,
And then our modes to test and scan
The working out of nature's plan,
Our proofs frae shells and moss-grown stanes,
Frae Mastodon's and Mammoth's banes,
The very day the earth was made,
The very hour the flood was staid,
How hills are carried here and there,
How worlds evaporate like air,
He'd think the deil was in the lan',
The judgment day just close at han'."

"Hush!" said a deep voice in mine ear,
And looking up I shook with fear,
For there I saw before me pass
Gaunt forms that once were men, alas!
Whole generations of the dead
Were passing, yea, without a tread.
I saw the Celt and Saxon come
All marching to a music dumb.
A spectre led the ghastly crew
Which motioned, and they all withdrew
Save one old man of aspect stern,
Like some old covenanting kern.
Upon his head a bonnet blue
And in his hand a staff of yew,
His shepherd's plaid was checker'd three,
His breeches buckl'd at the knee,
His stockin's rig-an-fur o' blue

Set aff a sturdy shank I trow.
His coat, a kind o' woolsey stuff
Wi' leather buttons, flap and cuff,
A dirk was dangling at his waist,
A Bible peeping from his breast.

Though I was in nae mood for daffin',
Yet I could hardly keep frae laughin'.
As he approach'd wi' solemn pace
I smirked richt within his face.
Says I, "guid man gif ane micht speer,
What are ye, and what want ye here."

GHOST.

"I'm ane o' your ain auld forbears
Wha's dead mair nor a hunner years.
Nae wonder I appear in anger,
I've borne till I can bear nae langer
Wi' a' the scorn and lies ye tell
On folk far better than yoursel.
To think a set o' puir wee creatures
Wi' skrimpit shanks and heartless natures,
Wad heap contempt on them wha brang them
Ocht guid that yet remains amang them."

Says I, "Your wrath is out o' reason,
This age will list to nought but reason.
We scorn all foolish old pretences,
Things must be vouched for by the senses:

Look to the progress we have made,
Our halls of science, boards of trade,
We're better and we're bigger too,
And wiser, that I will avow;
Our very infants in our schools
Micht teach some sense to doitit fools."

GHOST.

"As for your progress, I must say
Ye're far a-head o' honesty,
And then your teachers tak' such pains
To make ye men afore ye're weans,
That ony sense that nature gies ye,
By everlasting poring le'es ye.
Infants ye are, infants remain,
Ye're ane o' them or I'm mista'en."

Says I, "Stick till't, there's naething like it,
Folk's aye conceited when they're doitit.
But will ye really now defend
Your crimes and follies without end,
Your border riding, and your reevin',
Your hanging, herrying and thievin',
Your faith in stabbing wi' the dirk
And every kind o' bluidy work,
Your strange belief in wicked e'en,
Your clues to make a foe a frien',
Your cures for witch bewilder'd bairns

Wrocht 'neath the moon at dead men's cairns?
Is't possible you would bring back
Your fire, your fagot, and your rack,
Your hunts o' heretics and limmers,
Your doukin' o' uncanny kimmers,
Your magic words to lay the Deil
As up the pulpit stairs he'd speel—
Your bringing o' the holy book
And shakin't at him till he shook;
And ye wad hae us to exchange
Our boundless intellectual range,
Our wisdom and humanity
For your auld dead insanity?"

GHOST.

"For ane wha thinks a' men are brithers,
Ye're guid at fin'ing fau'ts wi' ithers;
Look nearer hame, and there I trow
Ye'll fin' ye'll hae enough to do.
Look to your list o' black transgressions,
Deceits, heart-burnings and oppressions;
Look to your hordes o' helpless paupers,
Your mighty army o' street-walkers—
Starvation and tyrannic pride
Are ever walking side by side.
Your working men, a-lack-a-day!
God pity them, I well may say.
How many dree an awful doom,

Condemned for ever to the loom:
And some in fact'ries and in mines,
On whom the blessed sun ne'er shines,
From year to year they onward grope,
Poor creatures! without heart or hope,
With pale, with melancholy features—
Ye scarce can think them human creatures.
Ere ye our ancient ways condemn
Say what has science done for them?
For every ill ye've pointed out
Ye've ten that we kent nocht about;
And where our ancient virtue, where
The big hearts that would do or dare?
Wi' a' your outside things o' art,
Ye're bankrupt both in head and heart;
Your life's a game at hide and seek,
Like laddies playing at bo-keek;
And then, ye're a' sae nice and gentle,
Sae milky and sae sentimental,—
My blessings on your mealy mouth,
Ye're always chokit wi' the truth."

"Whist, whist," says I, "upon my conscience,
Nae mortal ever heard sic nonsense;
It's fause, beside I canna bear it,
Nor will I langer sit and hear it"—
And starting up in anger deep
I found I'd been an hour asleep.

ON THE DEATH OF * * *

Lay him by the mountain torrent,
    Where the lofty cedars wave,
That the winds may wail his requiem,
    And the birds sing o'er his grave.
His warm heart is cold as ashes,
    And his radiant eye is dim,
And the voice of praise and censure
    Fall alike unfelt by him.
He is free from pain and sorrow
    And the burdens that he bore,
And the wrong and the injustice
    They can wring his heart no more.

As a pilot on life's ocean,
    He was not devoid of skill,
But the adverse winds of fortune
    'Round his bark were roaring still.
He has tasted of the anguish
    Which the generous spirit feels,
Striving after pure ideals
    With starvation at his heels.

If his bark was sorely shatter'd,
Think but of the storms he past,
Point not to the batter'd bulwarks,
If he's safely moored at last.

Quick impulsive was his nature,
Yet he sorrowed to give pain,
He had foes, for he was rather
Apt to speak the truth too plain;
When he witnessed an injustice
He could not control his tongue—
Call it weakness, half his sorrows
From that noble weakness sprung.
Yet he lost no jot of courage,
Striving against wind and tide,
Oh, his very heart grew bigger
Fighting on the weaker side.

Where conformity was wanted
Somehow he could not conform,
He would choose his path and tread it
Even through the thunder storm.
Are ye right because ye never
Step from off the beaten way?
Are all those that tempt the thicket
Ever hopelessly astray?
They must try the wilds untrodden,
They must tempt the stormy sea!

Who would bring us joyous tidings
Who would make us wise and free!

Like ourselves he had some frailties,
Better he had been without,
But upon his truth and honour
Malice could not hatch a doubt.
They are firm that never falter,
They are very wise indeed
Who have ne'er pursued a phantom,
Never leaned upon a reed;
Charity for human frailty
Never, never yet was wrong,
Straight are they that never stumble,
Clemency becomes the strong.

Oh, he bore a buoyant spirit
Poverty could not destroy,
All the leanings of his nature
Ever were to light and joy.
Happy smiling human faces
Charity's thrice blessed words,
Fell upon his heart like sunshine,
Or the song of summer birds;
Then the sallies of his humour,
Genial as the summer rain,
No, we'll never, never listen
To such gusts of soul again.

Though his heart had specks of darkness,
    There were gleams of the divine,
Memory wipes the dust all from it,
    Locks it in her sacred shrine ;
Hangs it in her halls of twilight,
    Yea, to make the darkness bright,
Like a lovely star to twinkle,
    Ever on the vault of night ;
Sever it from dust and ashes,
    Frees it from the dross of clay,
Death and time and love and sorrow
    Washing all its stains away.

THE GREAT OLD HILLS.

To the hills all hail!
The hearts of mail;
All hail to each mighty Ben!
They were seated there,
On thrones of air,
Long ere there were living men.
From the frozen north
The storm comes forth
And lashes the mountain rills,
But they vainly rave
Around the brave—
The great old hills.

They are fair to view
With their bonnets blue;
They are freedom's old grey guards,
Each waving a wreath
Of purple heath
To the songs of Scotia's bards.
The tempests come
And veil the sun

While ire his red eye fills,
And they rush in wrath
On the lightning's path
From the great old hills.

Men toil at their walls
And lordly halls,
But their labour's all in vain,
For with ruin gray
They pass away
But the great old hills remain.
While the lightnings leap
From peak to peak,
And the frighted valley thrills,
O'er storm and time
They tower sublime,
The great old hills.

THE GLASGOW CHAP'S STORY;

OR, CONFESSIONS OVER A BOTTLE.

I'm frae St. Mungows, waes my heart,
There still I should a been,
And mony a happy day I've play'd
The shinty on the green;
The Goose-dubs and the Gallowgate
I'll see nae mair I fear,
Oh 'twas a black mischance indeed
That ever brought me here.

I am, although I say't mysel',
Baith sensible and civil,
But gin ye stir my temper up
I'm like a raging devil;
And since I was a wee bit wean
I lik'd to hear big speaking,
So doun I gead ae' waefu' night
To hear the monster meeting.

I'd rather I had stayed at hame,
Although I got some knowledge

And heard o' things they dinna tell
In parliament or college ;
A back frae a' the trades was there
And *Weavers* frae the Shaws,
So ane o' them gets in the chair
And he lays down the laws.

And then the next ane that gets up,
I think they ca'd him Rory,
And in he walk'd at nae wee rate
To magistrate and tory ;
He made it clear what freedom is,
And how we can come at it—
Says he, "tak' *Brown Bess* in your arms
For that's the way to get it."

A fallow wi' a great big head
Gets up an' so says he—
"It's no within the power o' man
To make the people free ;
It's fuils that gang to flyte and fecht,
A want o' sense and brains—
It's sma' work that, and only fit
For idiots and weans."

But soon we hiss'd the fallow down,
Though he kick'd up a shine,
So down he sat and mutter'd 'bout
His pearls and the swine ;

No sooner had he satten down
Than up got bloody Tom,
And to him wi' a tinker tongue,
Oh how he sent it home.

Odd man! how nicely he set aff
The guid that's in puir folk,
And o' their rights and virtues lang
And tenderly he spoke;
He used some great lang nebit words,
I didna understaun',
Agrarian—something about
The rich folk's right to lan'.

He said that men were never meant
To live on nocht but drummoch,
Quoth he, content and happiness
Had ne'er an empty stomach;
Says he, we a' came naked here,
The best get but a grave,
Then why should ane be made a lord,
Anither made a slave.

How ane should drive a coach and six,
While millions drive the shuttle,
How ane should waste while thousands want
Were questions rather kittle;
And thus he argued lang to prove
That things are ill divided,

Then put it to a show o' hands
And it was soon decided.

And then he got to history next,
And how he did walk through
Mang bluidy heads and hagit hochs,
Until he gart me grue.
He spak' o' Wallace and o' Bruce,
And o' a chiel ca'd Tell,
And then he told some anecdotes
O' fechts he'd had himsel'.

And then he to the Bible got
And used it like a hammer,
And batter'd at the Kirk, till faith
The devil couldna ken her;
He put the bishops through the whins
Wish'd guid micht ne'er come near them,
Says he, "their ermine's tatter'd now
And why then should we fear them.

"Were I as big as Samson was
Or fechting Bauldy Sellers,
It's to the house o' lords I'd go
And get between the pillars;
Then I wad let them fen a crash
Frae gallery to portal,

And die mysel' in the stramash
And get my name immortal.

"For in this holy cause," said he,
I wish to die a martyr."
And so he finish'd aff the whole
Wi' three cheers for the charter.
I cheered the loudest in the house,
At that I bore the bell,
And e'er I kent, odd I got up
To make a speech mysel'!

But when I saw sae mony e'en
A' fastened upon me,
Odd, I had rather I'd been at
The bottom o' the sea!
Odd, I had fifty things to say
But somehow they got jummelt,
I got the length o' patriots
But here my knees a' trummelt.

And then ye micht hae heard my heart
How 'gainst my breast it nockit,
I got but one word—freedom—out,
And here I fairly chockit!
The house was rinnin' roun' about,
The lichts were burning blue,
I tried again and gapit hard,
But oh, it wadna do.

Then a' the heads began to swim,
As they were in a sea,
Ye never saw such cheeks and e'en
And a' were upon me ;
A noise was ringing in my lugs,
Oh how I did perspire,
Some cried weel doon ! some cried bravo !
But I roar'd fire ! fire !

And in an instant every one
Was making for the door,
And I got out, I ken nae how,
Amid the wild uproar.
Next day I thocht sae muckle shame,
And was sae jeered by a',
I bundled up and aff I cam'—
Bound for America.

THE ROMANCE OF EXISTENCE.

The romance of existence is gone,
    The glory has faded away,
The heart's lost the magical tone
    Which charm'd in life's beautiful May.

The woods are all sombre and sad,
    The mountains are solemn and gray,
And where the sweet voices they had
    Long ago in life's beautiful May?

And those who once danced by the stream
    When life was a long summer's day,
They're gone like the passing sunbeam,
    Or the flowers of the beautiful May.

WEE MARY.

Fareweel my wee lassie, fareweel,
Ye were dear as the licht to mine e'e,
And nae ane can ken what I feel
In this sorrowfu' parting wi' thee.

A welcome wee stranger thou wert,
But ye didna bide lang wi' us here,
Ye came like the Spring to my heart
But ye left it all wither'd and sere.

Ah Mary, I canna but weep,
For my heart was sae wrapt up in thee,
I'd fain think ye're gane but to sleep,
And ye'll toddle again to my knee.

Oh thou wert a beam of delight
Which sae lighted my heart up wi' joy,
I ne'er thought ye'd fade from my sight,
Or that death would come to destroy.

And the bairns are a' weepin' for thee,
For they've lost their wee playmate an' a',

And Johnnie creeps up on my knee
And he asks if ye'll aye be awa'.

What, though to forgét thee I try,
And the words that ye lispit to me,
The streams o' this heart winna dry
And all nature's the memory o' thee.

The sweet little birdies that sing,
And the innocent lamb on the lee,
The bonnie wee flowers o' the Spring
Are a' but faint shadows o' thee.

If this weary world is all,
If in gladness we'll meet not again,
Let nature be wrapt in a pall,
For affection and beauty are vain.

WHAT, WHAT ARE WE ?

Ye elements of earth and air
When ye were hither brought,
Did God pronounce you passing fair,
And will ye tell me nought ?
Are nature's great and lowly things
What they appear to be ?
Or live we in a world of dreams—
What, what are we ?

Ye valleys with your nooks of green,
Where dwell the quiet hours ?
With beauty of the sweet serene,
Companioning the flowers ;
And you, ye rills that glide along
In gladness to the sea,
Oh what's the burden of your song—
What, what are ye ?

Ye hills that heave your peaks on high,
Ye lords of earth and air
That wrap the mantle of the sky

Around your bosoms bare,
And you, ye winds that hurry on,
And thou old sounding sea,
Oh what's your everlasting moan—
What, what are ye?

Ye stars that twinkle in the blue,
Why were ye hung up there?
And you, ye clouds that wander through
The boundless fields of air,
All silently ye keep your path;
Great night says nought to me—
All silent as her brother death,
What, what are ye?

And what's this thinking thing within,
And why were we sent here?
Compounds of virtue and of sin,
Of hope, of doubt and fear,
To sail the boundless deeps of thought,
That awful shoreless sea,
Still hailing barks which tell us nought,
What, what are we?

WILL ELLIOT.

A BORDER BALLAD.

The cot of maid Maggie
    Is deep in the dell,
The keep of her reiver
    Is far on the fell;
But foemen are watching
    His steps to waylay,
And the friend he has trusted
    Has sworn to betray;
Yet often he ventures
    To seek her green bower,
To hang on her bosom
    Though but for an hour.

The dews of the morning
    Are fading away,
The gowan is opening
    Her eye to the day;
The cloud like a glory
    Leans high on the hill,

The stream like a gladness
Is wand'ring at will;
The dove's in the greenwood,
The lark's in the blue,
But why croaks the raven
From out the old yew?

To that bower in the greenwood,
Will comes a lov'd guest,
And clasps bonnie Maggie
Once more to his breast.
Oh could he be richer
Were kingdoms his own,
Her smile he would barter
No not for a throne.
How poor is ambition,
Earth's tinsel how dim,
Oh she is all glory,
A Heaven to him.

Oh why should they waken
From loves blessed dream,
But was that the voice of
The torrent or stream?
The voice of the torrent
Is far on the gale,
But why bays the beagle
Adown in the dale?
"What startles thee Maggie,

What sounds dost thou hear ?"
"Oh fly 'tis the footsteps
Of foes coming near."

Upstarting, the reiver
Is off like the wind,
But the shaft of the foeman
Comes fleeter behind ;
He sinks on the greensward
But rises anon,
And swift as a deer through
The forest is gone ;
God help thee, Will Elliot,
Thou'rt sorely beset,
But make for the Yarrow,
There's hope for thee yet.

The greenwoods are ringing
With sounds of the chase,
Now speed thee, poor Willie,
And win thou the race ;
There's no one to help thee,
Though sore thou dost bleed,
A dozen tall Laidlaws
Are trying thy speed ;
On ! on through the forest
No moment's to lose,
On ! on through the forest
They follow thee close !

Hide not in the thicket,
But trust to thy speed,
Thou bear'st a betrayer
In flow'ret and weed ;
The bonnie wee gowan
Sinks under thy tread,
But the snaw on its bosom
Is dabbled with red ;
The primrose is spattered
With dark purple tints,
And the green grass betraying
Thy bloody foot prints.

They're gaining upon him,
Oh ! what will he do ?
For faithful as bloodhounds
His steps they pursue ;
His shoes that encumber,
He leaves in his track,
And treads his own footsteps
A few paces back !
Then darts in thicket
Among the long grass
Unseen, recognizing
His foes as they pass.

" On ! on my bold huntsmen,
Your quarry ye'll miss,

But vengeance will follow
    Wat Laidlaw for this."
A clear spring is gushing
    Up close by his feet,
And never came water
    More welcome and sweet,
And gladly he drinks it,
    And fain would delay,
But moments are precious,
    He hastens away.

He makes for the Yarrow—
    The Yarrow is deep,
But through it he dashes
    And mounts up the steep;
There loudly he whistles,
    His keep is in view,
The warder replying,
    Strikes up the rescue;
The Laidlaws in anger
    Relinquish the chase,
But vengeance will follow
    For Will Elliot's race.

HYMN TO THE WINTER WIND.

Blow, blow,
O'er the wastes of snow
Thou weary winter wind.
Blow, blow,
'Tis a world of woe
Thou'rt leaving fast behind.

Moan, moan
Through the midnight long,
Oh tell me what thou art?
Moan, moan
For thine eerie song
Is of the broken heart.

Shriek, shriek,
Through the forest deep—
A woe transformed to wrath.
Shriek, shriek,
While ye madly sweep
With ruin in your path.

Rush, rush,
Where the torrents gush,
What tales ye tell to me.
Hush, hush,
Is not that the crush
Of hearts in agony?

Sweep, sweep,
Where the cat'racts leap
Adown the diggie dell.
Sweep, sweep,
For my heart ye heap
With thoughts I ne'er can tell.

EPISTLE TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Though thirty years have past, my friend,
Since we were bairns at play,
The kind warm greetings which you send
Are welcome as the May.
Your letter made the tear to start
While reading't through and through,
And yet your words fell on my heart
Like blabs o' sillar dew.

It waken'd thoughts o' childhood's hame,
While sorrowing I sat,
And Jamie why should I think shame
To say I fairly grat?
For Jamie though we're grown to men
And chang'd are all our ways,
Yet in thy words I hear again
The voice of other days.

The weary years are backward roll'd,
Joy leaps within my heart,
And I'm exploring as of old

The bonnie banks of Cart;
I hear the lintie on the braes,
The blackbird on the tree,
As sweetly as in our young days
They sang to you and me.

The flowers are just as fresh and fair,
As sweetly winds the stream,
As when we twa did wander there
When life was all a dream;
As when we gambol'd on the braes,
Or jink'd about the burn.
Ah me! the heart-light o' thae days
Can never more return!

For oh, our hearts are alter'd noo,
There's something dead and gane,
Which drappit on the heart like dew,
And will not drap again—
For we have learn'd the world's art
And earth's nae langer fair,
A hall is silent in the heart,
There's something wanting there.

With what a rapture of delight
We saw the evening star
Lead on the gentle queen of night
Through azure realms afar;

And when the lovely rainbow hung
Between the earth and sky,
How rapture vaulted from our tongue
A startl'd wonder cry.

Perchance we hae grown wiser noo,
And yet I dinna ken,
For I'd give ocht I've got I trou,
To be a boy again.
Are woe and wisdom so allied
They cannot live apart,
And is the head with wit supplied
By robbing of the heart ?

Mind ye the day we cross'd the knowes
To seek the great oak tree,
Which shelter'd aft within its boughs
The Knight of Elderslie,
And wander'd roun' the ruins bare
Where once the chief abode,
And thought each gowan sacred where
The Scottish hero trode ?

And do ye mind the day we sat
Adown the hazel glen,
And how we smil'd and marvel'd at
The ways o' muckle men ?
Somethings we couldna see ava,

And ithers dimly hence—
We settl'd it atween us twa,
Big folk had little sense.

And, Jamie, whiles I'm like to fear
That we were nearly richt,
'Tween love o' power and greed o' gear
Man's heart's a sorry sicht;
With time comes selfish cares anew,
That dim love's holy shrine,
And are our hearts but half as true
As in the days lang syne?

And with a grief that won't begone,
A woe that won't depart,
I love to wander thus among
The ruins of the heart;
For oh! the heart will heave a sigh
O'er feelings it has felt,
And love and hope will linger nigh
The shrine where they have knelt.

O tell, me stands the yew tree yet
'Neath which we used to play,
There does the little robin sit
And sing the lee lang day?
And is the lift as clear aboon
The Highland hills as blue,
And are the woods of Milliken
As lovely still to you?

And where the happy joyous band
With whom we used to play?
All gone into the silent land,
And we are old and gray.
Of all thou only dost remain
And chang'd nae doubt by care,
And I, should I go back again,
Would be a stranger there.

Perchance 'tis folly thus to mope
O'er joys that could not last,
But when the heart has ceased to hope,
'Twill dwell upon the past.
Then fare thee well, my early friend,
Though time breaks many a tie,
Affections never have an end,
They were not born to die.

THE OLD RUIN GREY.

The old ruin grey
Is mould'ring away,
And the rank weeds around it entwine—
The old wind alone
Knew the glory that's gone,
And it sighs o'er the long perished line.

No one in the dell
Can its history tell,
Or why it was built on the steep—
They only do know
It was great long ago,
And now 'tis a pen for the sheep.

The fox makes its lair,
And the fowls of the air
Seek a shelter within its old halls,
The blue-bell so meek,
And the fox-glove and leek
Are peeping from out its old walls.

Thus old ruin drear
Claims all that we rear,
When, but a few years hurry by.
Man's proud works are vain,
But the old hills remain
O'erhung by the great silent sky.

'Tis little we know
But the old tale of woe,
We are here the poor sons of a day,
And the baubles we chase,
Yea our name and our race
Must pass like the old ruin grey.

FAR IN THE FOREST SHADE.

Far in the forest shade,
    Free as the deer to roam,
Where ne'er a fence was laid,
    I'll search me out a home.
I love not cities vast,
    Where want and wealth abide,
Where all extremes are cast
    To jumble side by side.

Far in the leafy woods
    Beside the lonely stream,
Where av'rice ne'er intrudes
    Her snorting car of steam;
Give me the cabin rude,
    Of unhewn beechen tree,
With one both fair and good,
    A heart that beats for me.

Away with pictured walls,
    Of gaudy banquet room,
Give me the great green halls,

With wild flowers all in bloom ;
Far in the forest shade,
Where towered the oak sublime,
Ere man had cities made,
He talk'd with infant time.

Devotion's heart will rush
To God in any scene,
But oh ! that *awful hush*
In temples arch'd with green.
The tempest spirit speaks,
And every leaf's a tongue,
The pine's great bosom shrieks
While million arms are swung.

There's joy in cultur'd vales,
In dewy dells of green,
Peace like a spirit sails
High in the blue serene ;
A spirit haunts the hills,
A soul the roaring sea,
But *awe* the bosom fills,
Oh, great old wood, in thee.

OLD AUNT ISABEL.

Oh there are lovely souls that light
This dreary world of ours,
They come like sunshine in the midst
Of sorrow's blinding showers;
And like the lilies of the field,
They're scatter'd everywhere,
And though unhonour'd among men
Are God's peculiar care.
E'en from the grave their memory
Still haunts us like a spell.
Hush! 'tis the queenly form I see
Of old Aunt Isabel.

That presence seems to beautify,
And fill the very air
With lovely thoughts, and memories
Of all things good and fair;
And what a sweet serenity,
Clear as a summer sky,
A quiet inexpressible
That's looking from her eye.

With childhood's happy heart again
I feel my bosom swell,
While thus I greet the shadowy form
Of old Aunt Isabel.

Oh what a wealth of charity
That poor old woman had,
And how the treasures of her heart
Were poured on good and bad.
Without a thought of character,
Of circumstance or place,
Enough if she could soothe a pang
In one of Adam's race;
And gentle as the dews of Heaven,
Her soothing accents fell,
The woman's heart was great indeed,
In old Aunt Isabel.

And hope was her companion still,
And with the bad she'd bear,
And thought they had the greater need
Of her maternal care.
Her soul was all a sympathy,
And gazing in her face,
We felt a faith, we knew not why,
In all the human race;
We felt assured of better times,
Though how we could not tell,

When all the world would be as pure
As old Aunt Isabel.

And all the village children sought
The cottage where she dwelt,
By sympathy of innocence
She felt but as they felt.
Though no one told us, yet we knew
That she was void of art,
And every word and look of hers,
The image of her heart.
And still amid our mirth and glee,
Oh I can mind it well,
We had not for a world done ought
To grieve Aunt Isabel.

And how through ballads old she breathed
The very soul of sorrow,
And how my heart beat when she woke
The mournful wail of Yarrow.
Oh how she sang of hapless love,
Of faith that would vary,
And what a robe of loveliness
She threw 'round Highland Mary.
And then the tales of other times,
Oh there were none could tell,
Or bring the heroes to my view
Like old Aunt Isabel.

Embowered with birch and eglantine,
    How like a sabbath dream,
Her quiet little cottage hung
    By Cartha's murmuring stream.
And then her garden was so full
    Of lovely shrubs and flowers,
That memory loves to linger still
    Among those sunny bowers;
The very place where quietude,
    With gentle thoughts might dwell,
The very bowers had caught the peace
    Of old Aunt Isabel.

Such beings come like heralds of
    A purer, better time,
Sent from the Heaven of charity
    To lift the world from crime.
Such hearts as their's can never die,
    They know of no decay,
But blend with all the beautiful
    And never pass away.
And with the heart of childhood still,
    I feel my bosom swell,
While thus I greet the shadowy form
    Of old Aunt Isabel.

THE HAWK AND THE DOVE.

A TRAGEDY.

Let us to the gay green forest
    Where the lovely flowers abound;
Come let us throw our cares away,
For with the merry, merry May
    Joy's laughing all around.
Morning with her golden tresses
    Lingers by the murmuring rill,
And love her bower of bliss has made
Afar within the forest shade,
    Uncursed with thoughts of ill.

See the schoolboy's on before us,
    What a happy little boy,
For he is free this blessed day,
And to the woods he bounds away
    To tell them of his joy.
Who would linger in the city
    Where contention ever broods,
While the birds in Heaven do sing,

And every good and happy thing
    Is making for the woods ?

Hail once more, beloved forest,
    I have sought you once again,
For in thy sacred solitudes
No tyrant, nor no slave intrudes
    To mar your peaceful reign.
Well, I know the welcome rustle
  Of yon beach tree's living leaves;
And there between me and the sky,
The sunbeams 'mong the branches high
    A checker'd curtain weaves.

Yonder lady maple's waiting
    In her mantle green arrayed.
The tall pine with his graceful bend,
Nods to me as I were a friend,
    And welcome to the shade.
While yon smiling little balsam
    Waves upon me with her fan.
Far adown in yonder hollow
I'm invited by the solo
    Singing 'mong the willows wan.

And yon little branching sumac
    Seems as if it leaned to hear
The murmur of the gentle dove

That's perch'd on yonder branch above,
And all devoid of fear.
On its neck then falls a shadow,
Is't a cloud that hangs above?
A dark wing cleaves the vault of blue,
And dashes the green archway through
Upon my gentle dove.

Avaunt! away! thou thing of hate!
Foul monster get thee hence!
Come to my breast, my gentle dove,
For thou wert still the type of love,
Emblem of innocence.
Get thee gone, thou heartless pirate,
Would'st thou make thy victim sure?
Hence with thy cruel hungry beak,
That pounces ever on the weak,
Like tyrant on the poor!

Come, my hapless, gentle-hearted
Little trembler, come to me,
I will shield thee from yon coward
Though I'm neither saint nor Howard,
Yet my bosom bleeds for thee.
But thou fliest from thy protector,
Wounded, bleeding as thou art,
And with a blush and with a sigh,
I'm forced, poor bird, to justify
The terror of thy heart.

For proud man in art tyrannic,
Stands unrivalled and alone,
With smiles of love upon his face,
He subjugates each meaner race,
And tramples on his own.
Yea the minstrel of life's forest
With a heart attuned to love,
How often with a bleeding breast
Is hunted from his bower of rest,
Like thee, my gentle dove.

Listen, strange mysterious nature,
'Tis in sorrow I would speak,
Oh tell me, hast thou made thee strong,
But to outrage, oppress and wrong
The helpless and the weak.
Tell, oh tell me beauteous mother
If upon thine ample breast,
And all thine endless realms of blue,
Thou hast but room enough for two—
The oppressor and oppressed.

Are our bright anticipations,
All our aspirations vain,
Must wrong and outrage, sin and crime
Still bellow on the shores of time,
And darkness aye remain.

Through long years the good have laboured
    Life's sad waste to dress and till,
Yet after all their toil and pain,
Poor human nature doth remain
    Incorrigible still.

What, though wisdom's ever calling,
    "Happiness dwells with the good,"
Though love and charity do plan,
There's *that* within the heart of man
    Which will not be subdued.
All this life is but a battle :
    Let us wander where we may,
We'll never reach the happy isle,
Where love and peace together smile
    The live long summer's day.

Would we build a blessed arbour,
    Sacred, aye, to peace and love,
To all the sweet affections dear,
Some hawk would still be hovering near,
    To pounce upon the dove.
Tell, oh tell me, bounteous mother,
    If upon thine ample breast,
And all thine endless realms of blue,
Thou hast but room enough for two—
    The oppressor and oppressed ?

ON SEEING A ROSE IN A CHURCHYARD.

Upon these green forgotten graves
The sunbeams sweetly fall,
And morning strews
Her gentle dews
Upon them one and all.
And this is "sorrow's sanctuary,"
The last retreat of grief!
Yon mould'ring stone
With moss o'ergrown,
Tells 'tis a sweet relief.

And here, though mortal foes have met,
The stillness is unbroken,
And families dear
Are gathered here,
Yet not a word is spoken.
The awful summons every one
From death's cold hand has taken;
Each in his shroud,
Waits till the loud,
The last trump shall awaken.

And time upon his dial plate,
Marks not the moments fleeting ;
Earth's tumults all,
Unheeded fall
Upon this ghastly meeting.
And all the monuments around
The same sad tale is telling,
"We bloom and fade,
And then are laid
Within the silent dwelling."

But see one solitary rose,
Is opening fresh and gay.
Com'st thou to grace,
Or to efface
The features of decay ?
Some loving hand has placed thee here,
A type of the departed.
A badge of love
To bloom above—
The true, the gentle hearted.

And oh, what were this life of ours
Affection wanting thee ?
A great black night
Without a light,
A trackless troubled sea.
Of all earth's ornaments the chief,

The jewel of the heart:
Earth's gauds grow dim,
But thou'rt of Him,
The Immutable a part.

Sweet rose! a beauty not thine own,
From this sad place you borrow;
Thine eye doth ope',
Oh, sweet as hope,
Upon the breast of sorrow.
Thou tellest me a tender tale
Of many a dear connection,
And oh, thou saith
The tyrant death
Is conquered by affection.

Thou tell'st me of the beauty born
From sorrows deepest gashes;
Of hope that springs,
And plumes her wings
From death, from dust and ashes.
Thou tell'st, like Adam from the bowers
Of paradise we're driven,
Yet in the tomb
We root to bloom
Immortally in Heaven.

TO THE SHADE OF JEANIE.

The clock has tolled the midnight hour,
    The busy world is sleeping,
Yet memory in my weary heart,
    Her lonely watch is keeping.
For oh the midnight of my soul
    Is black as that above me,
For she is gone and there are none,
    No, not one left to love me.

Ah, there thou art my buried one,
    My early blighted blossom,
And all as beautiful as when
    You hung upon my bosom;
My hair is all untimely grey,
    My very soul is blighted,
But thou art fair, my love, as when
    Our youthful hearts were plighted.

Six summers with their flowers have come,
    Since thou, my rose, did wither,
But oh thy memory in my heart

Shall flourish green forever.
Sad were the tears for thee I shed
Upon that fatal morrow,
And neither time nor change have dried
The saut spring of my sorrow.

With thee, with thee, my Jeanie dear,
A cot had been a palace,
Thy breast had been a bower of rest
From cruel fortune's malice;
And still at midnight's deepest hour,
When I am sunk in sorrow,
Thou comest to my weary couch
To vanish with the morrow.

The rose is fresh upon thy cheek,
All beautiful as ever;
Say comest thou from the blissful bowers—
The bowers that never wither
All lovely as when last we roved
The woods of Ardenteenie?
But when I'd clasp thee to my heart,
Oh thou art not my Jeanie.

TO MY MOTHER.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot,
But in my wanderings far or near,
Ye never were forgot.—MOTHERWELL.

DEAR MOTHER—
Since the dreary morn,
When we were forced to part,
Oh mony a weary foot I've had,
And mony a heavy heart;
But though I've wander'd far away,
And strange stars twinkle o'er me,
Oh can I, can I e'er forget
The mother dear that love me?

Though sin and sorrow on this heart,
Have left their fearful gashes,
Yet when it cannot beat for thee,
It will be cold as ashes.
And oh, how often in the midst
Of sorrow and mishap,
I've wish'd that I could go and lay
My head upon thy lap.

In our sunny youthfu' days,
Bright phantoms we pursue,
And little, little do we ken
What time and change can do.
Oh then I was a joyfu' thing,
Though thochtless and unsteady,
But noo, I doubt ye'd hardly ken
Your once wee happy laddie.

But still this heart leaps up to hear
The songs my childhood cherish'd,
And for a moment scarce can think
The dream of life has perish'd ;
No, never, never do I hear
Some old beloved strain,
But instantly I'm o'er the sea,
And back to thee again.

Oh then I hear thy gentle voice,
Love's sacred ties renewing,
And how my bosom beats for joy,
The dear deceit pursuing ;
I see our lowly cot again,
I ken the very riggin',
And in our bonnie garden, there's
My auld grandfather diggin'.

And there's the sunny summer seat,
And there's the hawthorn tree,

And there's the very ingle whaur
    Ye nursed me on your knee ;
And there the friends we lov'd so dear
    Within their wonted places,
With what a joy I recognise
    "The old familiar faces."

Ah there they are, the very same,
    The hearts that loved me well,
Christina with her modest mien,
    And queenly Isabel ;
And Andrew with his lordly brow
    And quick impulsive start,
And humble unassuming John,
    That simple honest heart.

And Archibald with his old legends,
    And brightly beaming eye,
And pauky Robin wi' his pipe,
    Is standing list'ning by.
And looking on the lov'd, the lost,
    I scarce refrain from tears,
For there they are the same as in
    The days of other years.

And gazing on them oft I think
    This life is all a dream ;
We are the shadows—they are not,

The phantoms that they seem.
Poor wand'rers of the wilderness,
Encamp'd but for a day,
To-morrow's sun looks on the spot—
We've vanish'd all away.

Where are ye now, ye joyous ones,
With whom I used to play,
When life was all a loveliness—
A sunny summer's day ?
Come Willie wi' the laughing lips,
Who, once so gay as thee ?
And Sarah with thy sunny smile,
And smile again on me.

And bonnie May wi' sangs sae sweet,
And modest, bashfu' Jeanie,
And Johnnie wi' thy towering hopes,
And little laughing Minnie.
Ah there ye are, ye joyous ones,
Ye answer to my call,
But not a smile is on your lips,
And ye are silent all.

And some are with the living still,
And some are with the dead,
Some slumber in their nameless graves,
And some on honour's bed.

And some have vanished away,
    None knowing where they've gone,
And some have sunk while others soared,
    So time and change rolls on.

But on the oasis of the wild,
    Oh it is vain to dwell.
Adieu ! adieu ! ye shadows all,
    And mother dear, farewell.
For though we ne'er shall meet on earth,
    No, never, never, never,
Oh, surely there's a home for us,
    Where we'll be aye thegether.

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A BALLAD.

Oh heavy fell the winter rain,
And loud the wind was blawin',
When to our door the lady came,
While fast her tears were fa'in'.

"Oh let me in for hard's my fate,
The night's baith dark and dreary,
Oh let me in for pity's sake,
For I am wae and weary."

"And wha are ye on sic a night,
That roams like ane forsaken ?
Whae'er ye be your waefu' plight
May pity weel awaken."

"I am," the lady slowly said,
"The daughter of McDonald,
And yester morn with joy I wed
The chieftain of Clanronald.

"But long before the noontide hour,
While mirth and joy abounded,

My love lay bleeding in our bower,
Which cruel men surrounded.

"And all the wedding guests are dead,
Or bleeding on the heather,
And from our burning bower I fled
To go I know not whither."

She waited till the break of day,
Nor langer would she tarry,
But started on her weary way,
Adown the wild Glen-Garry.

DEBT.

Oh Genius, fearful are thy gifts,
And not to be desired :
A struggle between soul and sense,
At best a sad inheritance,
Thou giv'st to the inspired.

Thy weakness thou hast given me,
Thy strength thou hast denied ;
And, like a little child afloat
Within a sadly shattered boat,
I drift adown the tide.

The heart that's formed for harmony,
Discord must deepest wound.
I hate the very tone of strife,
And yet the harp-strings of my life
Are jarring all around.

What though my aspirations soar
Above the rude and real,
While in my breast I cannot crush

The demons that do make me blush,
Before my soul's ideal.

I'd fain be wise and virtuous,
But cannot pay the price.
A bankrupt poor in soul am I,
With all my aspirations high,
Still chaffering with vice.

Distractedly I wander 'round
With a hell-hound beset.
It stares me ever in the face,
And dogs me aye from place to place,
And always barking—Debt.

"Avaunt! avaunt! and quit my sight!"
What business hast thou here?
Before thy haggard, hungry look,
How many a noble soul has shook
With craven coward fear.

Will nothing charm thee from thy post?
A heartless watch you keep.
I hear thine everlasting bark
From sunrise even unto dark,
And in my troubled sleep.

Friend ne'er was faithful as thou art,
Nor lover half so fond,—

Like death thou followest in my track;
Will nothing tempt thee to go back,
But payment of my bond?

The future's all a gloomy frown,
The past a long regret,
Nature has lost her winning grace;
On every scene and every face
Is written, "pay the debt."

I seek the company of friends,—
Job's comforters are they;
They speak of things I ought to shun,
Of duties I have left undone,
And end with, "pay sir, pay."

And e'en the very household gods,
On which my heart is set,
E'en these I cannot call my own,
To-morrow may behold them gone
Upon the wings of debt.

Full often poverty and pain
Courageously I've met;
And though they may be ill to bear,
I never bent to doubt and fear,
Till in the jaws of debt.

Misfortune oft has come to me,
In shape of friend and foe;
But let me face a Russian fort,
Sebastopol, methinks was sport,
To this enduring woe.

A battered ship may come to land,
A thief escape the rope,
Earthquakes may pass thee harmless by,
And lightnings of the troubled sky,
But debt's the death of hope.

And what were all Egyptian plagues
To those that me beset?
He hears the wretch's doom—depart,
He bears a hell within his heart,
That's in the jaws of debt.

ADVICE.

Would'st thou have sorrows manifold,
And prove that friendship can grow cold,
And love, itself, be bought and sold
Without regret;
And find the world's god is gold?
Go into debt.

Would'st thou lose faith in human worth,
And have no one to love on earth,

And be to callous souls for mirth
In mockery set;
And curse the hour that gave thee birth?
Go into debt.

Would'st bid adieu to pleasure's rays,
And find the world a weary maze,
And wander on through crooked ways,
With thorns beset;
Have sleepless nights and weary days?
Go into debt.

Would'st bid adieu to honour's beam,
And see depart fame's happy dream,
Be slave to creatures low and mean,
Whose creed is get;
Be fallen in thine own esteem?
Go into debt.

And would'st thou be the very slave
Of any selfish, sordid knave,
From morn to night to sit and rave—
Within a net—
And find peace only in the grave?
Go into debt.

Would'st thou forswear man's soul and stature,
Renounce thy very name and nature,

Have coward stamp'd on every feature—
Thyself forget,
And live a crawling, creeping creature?
Go into debt.

But if thou'd know of no disgrace,
And look the world in the face,
And have 'mong men an honoured place,
A watch thou'lt set,
That pride nor passion e'er shall chase
Thee into debt.

DRINK.

Attend, ye topers, great and small,
Give ear, ye tipplers, one and all:
A fellow feeling bids me call,
Oh stop and think!
Ye're sad comments upon the fall,
Ye slaves of drink.

Full sorry would I be, indeed,
To damn you all without remede,
The wisest are but Adam's seed,
Poor sons of Eve!
With you I'd rather weep instead,
And sigh and grieve.

I well may have a fellow feeling,
'Tis not the first time I've been reeling,
And all my weaknesses revealing,
And humours rash,
Why should I love to hear you squeeling
Beneath the lash?

I, who so often have been caught
In evil hour, and nearly brought
Into the whirlpool where thought
And sense are drowned,
The while that I a solace sought
From sorrow's wound.

God knows ye are a sorry tribe,
And heartless are the fools who gibe
At you, poor wretches, who would bribe
Conscience and care ;
I'd rather on your hearts inscribe—
Beware! beware!

I've seen some things with hearts as cold,
As is the God they worship—gold,
Who can be either bought or sold,
For filthy cash,
I've seen such creatures o'er you hold
The villain's lash.

Creatures who never knew a friend,
Nor ever had the heart to spend,
Would lash you even without end,
For getting fou';
Your case 'gainst such I would defend—
They're worse than you.

Oh were it but the mean and base
Who wander in this dreary maze,
And hating truth and honour's ways,
From light would flee;
But hearts illumed by genius' rays,
Ah, woe is me!

How many seek a sad relief
From sorrow and corroding grief,
Some, who, perchance, have stood the chief
'Mong honour's best,
Until misfortune, like a thief,
Robb'd them of rest.

How many to this state are brought,
Who, for the world's weal have wrought,
Who would have shuddered at the thought—
In better days,
Are yet with all their wisdom caught
Within the maze.

Some driven on to ruin's brink,
Upon the past they dare not think,
The future, with the present, link
In clouds of woe,
And rush for solace to this sink,
And down they go.

Some, who on fame their heart had set,
And disappointed, fume and fret,
And some through love, and some through debt,
Rush to this sink,—
And in a hapless maze they get
Or e'er they think.

Some, at the voice of pleasure gay,
And laughing mirth, are led astray,
To joy they'd take the nearest way,—
The shortest path,
But soon the cunning demon's lay
Is changed to wrath.

And some, whom sorrow never caught,
The jovial dogs devoid of thought,
Who wilful their own ruin wrought,
Yet never think:
Such is your true born happy sot
Who thrives on drink.

But mostly 'tis your heartless creature,
Who sees the worst of human nature,
With scoundrel stamp'd on every feature—
For lack of soul,
Who thrives and grows to portly stature
Upon the bowl.

The thoughtful are the wretched still,
Though laughingly the cup they fill,
To drown the sense of present ill,
And soothe their pains:
To-morrow finds them weeping still
In servile chains.

Boast not, ye strong, what ye can do,
But still the cautious path pursue,
Drink has thrown bigger men than you
Upon the ground:
The strongest and the brave and true,
Their match have found.

Ye love the right, ye hate the wrong,
But mind temptation's wondrous strong,
And sirens sing their witching song
Beside the sink,
And all the cozening demons throng
In smiling drink.

Bethink ye what a little space
Divides temptation and disgrace,
And how the wisest of our race—
When tempted hard,
Have rush'd down at as wild a pace
As your poor bard.

ROSEBELL.

Weep, weep, for my love's asleep
    Low in her grassy bed;
Weep, weep, for she slumbers deep
    With flowers above her head.
Low, low, where the violets blow
    Far adown in the dell,
Deep, deep, is thy dreamless sleep,
    My lovely Rosebell.

Dead, dead, while the Spring doth spread
    Her mantle over all;
Oh Spring, on my heart ye fling
    A doubly dreary pall.
Why, why, while I sit and sigh,
    Can you sing your songs so well?
Hush, hush, while my heart doth gush
    In tears for Rosebell.

Low, low, where the violets blow
    Far away from the crowd,
There, there, art thou laid my fair,

All in thy snowy shroud.
Still, still, and forever chill
The heart that loved me well.
Nay, nay, thou shalt live for aye
In my bosom, Rosebell.

ON SEEING A FELLOW ABUSING AN OX.

Hold thy hand, thou heartless savage,
    Darest thou lash that bleeding ox?
I'm sorry for thy sake we've lost
The scoundrel's ancient whipping post—
    The treadmill and the stocks.

Nature meant thee for the hangman,
    When she gave thee such a face,
For wretch is written on thy look
As plainly as if in a book,
    Thou libel on our race.

Poor, sad, unresisting creature,
    Oh thy look of misery
Is as a mute appeal to God,
'Gainst this unconscionable load,
    And such barbarity.

Oh the brute's unwilling is it?
    Be it so, but answer me
If you were toiled and starved to death,

With barely time to draw your breath,
What better would you be?

If no word of loving kindness
Ever was addressed to you,
If you were bondslave to a brute,
Whose word you dared not to dispute,
You would be lazy too.

That it's stupid, that it's stubborn,
I have not a doubt indeed;
To cure it, just lay down your goad,
And ease the poor beast of its load,
And try it with a feed.

Dare you say you feed it duly,
Three times daily without fail?
Cease thine unconscionable fibs,
The lie is shouting from its ribs—
A lie from head to tail.

As you mete it out to others,
Be it meted out to thee;
Oh listen to the savage shout,
And hear the oaths the brute lets out,
I know they are meant for me.

Be off with thine impertinence,
Nor shake thy goad at me!

But really what could I expect,
They're not all men that walk erect,
    Thou old depravity.

Heaven have mercy on the helpless,
    When they're slaves to such as thee;
In nature's scale, oh who would put
A wretch like thee above the brute,
    Thou perfect old Legree?

All around you civilization
    Works as with a magic wand,
And yet thy head it cannot teach,
Thy heart the gospel cannot reach,
    E'en in a christian land.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

Who comes from yonder mountain
With melancholy smile,
As if beseeching winter
To stay his storms a while?
Oh 'tis the aged summer
Whose children all are dead,
And on their withered faces
A parting smile he'd shed.

He treads with step unsteady,
And with a faltering tongue,
The fields where once he revelled
The woods where once he sung.
No flower comes forth to greet him,
No bird on airy wing,
The woods are sad and silent,
The groves no welcome sing.

The bee, the bird, the blossom,
Oh they are all away,
And vainly he is seeking

His old companions gay.
And to the stream he babbles
Of happy times gone by,
"But joy is fair and fleeting,"
The lonely winds reply.

Then on the vale and river,
He sheds one fitful ray,
While from the scene of sadness
He hurries him away.
He streaks the woods with fire,
The fields with tawny brown,
And in his hazy mantle
He wraps the dale and down.

And by the murmuring runnel
Where oft he sat and sung,
He hangs his harp in sorrow—
His harp that's all unstrung.
His cheek is pale with sadness,
His eyes, with weeping, red,
And in a wreath of vapour
He lays him with the dead.

GOLD.

Oh ever wonder-working gold,
Revered alike by young and old,
By sinner and by saint extolled,
Here at thy nod,
Not only earth but Heaven is sold,
For thou art God.

And has man's heart and soul been given
For nothing underneath the heaven,
But that by thee they may be driven
From morn till night,
And all our sweet affections riven,
For thy delight?

Then why should sweet poetic dreams,
And beauty's ever radiant beams,
Still haunt us even in our dreams,
If golden vice
Must ever dissipate these gleams
Of Paradise?

Hear me, ye money ridden hacks,
And throw the burdens from your backs,
Your rider laughs but at the cracks
Your bosoms give,
And worse than that of Southern blacks
The lives ye live.

Ye gie yoursel's a deal of trouble,
Pursuing still that weary bubble,
Forever picking 'mong the stubble,
To save an ear,
Wi' a' around you in a hubble,
Frae year to year.

And though ye may be old and grey,
The more ye get the more ye'd hae;
Ye've never ought to give away,
To God or man,
Wi' a', ye've aye enough to dae,
More than ye can.

What though your barns are filled with grain,
And crops wave green upon the plain,
Ye can have nought but care and pain,
While oxen thrive,
If ignorant ye will remain
As those ye drive.

Your struggles to be rich are vain,
It matters not how much ye gain,
If poor in soul, ye'll poor remain,
Despite of gold;
Ye've but the gathering, and the pain
Of keeping hold.

In gathering what tricks ye try,
Misca'ing everything ye'd buy,
How cunningly ye twist the lie,
Ere ye express it;
It's mean, unmanly, oh fy! fy!
The way ye dress it.

And how ye'll twist and twine your creed,
To countenance some dirty deed,
And find a warrant for your creed,
And heartless shaving,
And gie them pretty names instead,
Like thrift and saving.

And that's the thing which ye ca' thriving,
That endless straining and that striving,
That gurry-worrying and driving;
O in a'e day,
Sic fearfu' ruggin' and sic riving,
Would turn me grey!

Were ye by want and hunger riven,
Or by misfortune madly driven,—
But no, by nothing under heaven,
But paltry pelf,
How can ye hope to be forgiven,
Vile slaves of self?

When thochts o' death come in your head,
They maun be horrible indeed,
To think that ye hae come sic speed,
Yet maun gae wa';
Oh how your very heart must bleed
To leave it a'!

Were ye but born to toil and strive,
To glean, to gather, drudge and drive,
To bite, to bark, to rug and rive
About the honey,
And never look beyond the hive,
Save after money?

If such a life ye're born to lead,
It had been better far, indeed,
That God had ne'er vouchsafed a creed,
To elevate,
But given you four feet instead,
To suit your state.

For you loved nature's works are vain,
Day dancing o'er the flow'ry plain,
And thou with all thy starry train,
Mysterious night;
Nor thou, old ever wond'rous main,
Can yield delight.

For nature in her grandest moods,—
The stern old mountain solitudes,
The holy stillness of the woods
Is never sweet
Unto the heart that only broods
On things to eat.

What though your life hangs on a breath,
A Heaven above, a Hell beneath,
Your soul's concern is not with death;
Your hope and fear
Is but in what the market saith
Of cheap and dear.

And what's this gold ye deem so good?
A thing to be exchanged for food.
Loved for itself, a hungry brood
Of demon's start,
And worry up in laughing mood
The poor slave's heart.

It matters not what we possess,
Or how we fare, or how we dress,
For, be we rich or poor, unless
Dark self we kill,
That jinking queen ca'd happiness
Will jilt us still.

OLD SKINFLINT'S DREAM.

My frien's I've had a hasty call,
I'm summon'd hurriedly frae all;
There's scarce been any time at all
Gi'en to prepare,
For ere the shades of evening fall
I'll be nae mair.

I've been sae bothered night and day,
I ne'er had time to learn to pray,
But some o' you perhaps wad say
A word for me,
And straught accounts and clear the way
Before I dee.

I've orders that I maun fulfil,
I've grain unentered at the mill,
I've cash uncounted in the till,
Letters to write,
Then there's the making o' the will
And a' ere night.

This nicht, this very nicht, I le'e,
Oh how can I gie up the key?
Wha'll manage things as weel as me
When I'm awa'?
Oh it's an awfu' thing to dee,
And leave your a'.

Ye see I'm in a sorry plight,
Nae wonder that I sweat wi' fright:
I saw and heard o' things last night,
That gar me grue,
Enough to make me mad outright,
They were so true.

A' yesterday I spent in dunning,
And nickit some wha think they're cunning,
So I sat down to count the winning,
And write snell letters
To those wha've lang been backward running,
My doun gaun debtors.

Says I, my lads, I'll let you see
Frae justice ye'll nae langer flee,
Nae mercy will ye get frae me,
Ye'll pay the cash,
Or else I'll hound you till ye dee,
Ye worthless trash.

And then I swore by earth and sky,
And by the one who reigns on high,
That though they might of hunger die,
Whate'er they've got,
They'd give me, or in jail they'd lie
Until they rot.

I swor't again; but in a trice
A voice exclaimed, "Thou hoary vice,"
And then it shouted "murder," thrice
Within mine ear,
While something rattled like the dice
Amang my gear.

I saw a hand o'erturn the light,
And in an instant a' was night.
But though my hair stood up wi' fright,
I closed my nieves,
And out I roar'd wi' a' my might,
"Catch, catch the thieves!"

Though I was in a fearfu' state,
I made to shut and bar the gate,
But then a voice like that of fate
Cried three times, "John,
Prepare for death and judgment straight
And ——— anon!"

No friend, no helping hand was near,
And down I sank, o'ercome wi' fear,
But still the voice rang in mine ear,
Still it cried, "John,
Prepare for death and judgment near,
And ——— anon."

Oh how my head ran roun' about,
And strange things wriggled in an' out,
I tint my senses ne'er a doubt,
At last a light
Was brought by creatures black as soot,
Wha girnt wi' spite.

Away I vainly strove to flee,
While round and round they danced wi' glee,
And oh what mouths they made at me,
And scratched my face.
While one says, "John, we've kept for thee
The warmest place."

And while that I was sitting there,
The perfect picture of despair,
Wha comes and in my face did stare
But widow Young,
And then she opened on me sair
Her tinkler tongue.

She talked for an hour or more
About the things I falsely swore,
And o' the character I bore
For cursed greed,
And telt that story o'er and o'er
About her deed.

She spak' o' a' my acts unhallow'd,
O' a' the oaths that I had swallow'd,
And how in ill got gear I wallow'd;
And what, d'ye think?
Cast up the hizzies that I follow'd
An stov'd wi' drink.

I bore it lang; at last, thinks I,
The best o' law is to deny;
It's no the first time, faith I'll try:
So up I got,
But oh the very infant lie
Stuck in my throat.

For then my eye fell on a sign,
The very one which had been mine,
When I was in the grocery line;
I saw wi' shame,
Light weights, false measures, bogus wine,
Stuck to my name.

Then the receipts which folk had lost,
For which I sued and put to cost,
Cam' round me like a mighty host;
On each my name
Stood up before me like a ghost
And shouted shame!

Then all whom I had e'er browbeated,
And all whom I had ever cheated,
And those I humbugged and defeated
In Brampton Court,
Stepp'd forth, and each his tale repeated
Is if 'twere sport.

All spoke of my infernal greed,
Nae ane wad help me in my need.
But tied me to a stake instead
Wi' three inch cables,
While boiling gold upon my head
They pour'd frae ladles.

I roared as loud as I was able,
An' wi' a bound I burst each cable,
And struck my temples on this table,
Then I awoke.
Oh laugh not, frien's, nor ca't a-fable,
For it's nae joke.

No, no, my frien's, I wasna' fou',
But sober as I am the noo ;
I'll never see the morn I trou,
I sweat wi' fricht,
For a' thae horrors they'll renew
This very night.

This nicht, this very nicht, I le'e,
Oh how can I give up the key !
Wha'll manage things as weel as me,
When I'm awa ?
Oh it's an awfu' thing to dee,
And leave ane's a'.

HUMANITY.

Though our homes are far apart,
    Thou art still my friend and brother,
Have we not one human heart ?
    Children of one "mighty mother."
In a wond'rous world we've met,
    Journeying towards another,
Why then should we e'er forget
    To assist a weary brother ?

Sympathy is of no clime,
    Mine thy hopes, thy joys and sorrows,
Travellers in the vale of time,
    With eternity before us ;
From the tempest every one
    Anxiously doth seek a cover,
And the ills of life to shun,
    Clinging to a friend or lover.

Though we are not of one clime,
    Should we therefore hate each other ?

Can't I love my hill sublime,
    Without hating thine, my brother ?
Though our births were far apart,
    Here we'll dwell with one another,
For we have one human heart,
    Children of one "mighty mother."

FAITH AND HOPE.

Dost thou cherish in thy heart,
    Visions of a brighter morrow?
And would'st gladly see depart
    All the shades of vice and sorrow?
Yea, a world that lies in sin,
    Joyfully would'st thou deliver?
First then, brother, to begin,
    Faith and hope must go together.

Though thy brother lingers long
    In the night of sin and sorrow,
Be assured he's sick of wrong,
    Longing for the coming morrow.
He from night and doubt would flee,
    If he only knew but whither;
To make him what a man should be,
    Head and heart must go together.

Surely it was not for strife
    That this heart and soul were given,

But to make our way of life
    Lead us to the gates of Heaven.
Oh to plant the tree of peace,
    Where corruption cannot wither,
And to make war's sorrows cease,
    Love and hope must go together.

Here upon the shoals of time,
    Though the murky midnights hover,
Voices from that land sublime
    To our hearts are wafted over.
But not with a single oar
    Can we e'er be wafted thither :
Would we reach that happy shore,
    Faith and works must go together.

PREACHING DICK.

"Little better than one of the wicked."—JOHN FALSTAFF.

Ah, Dickie dear, the game is up,
And thou'rt in tribulation.
Oh who would once have thought to see
So meek, so sleek a saint as thee,
In such a situation?
Thy master's left thee in the lurch,
That's aye the way with Nick.
Where are thy texts of scripture now?
And what avails thy brazen brow?
Alas, alas poor Dick!

I've met with blackguards who disdained
To prey upon the weak—
Great jolly dogs who loved to fight
And cheat Mahoun in broad daylight.
But, Dickie, thou'rt a sneak;
With psalms, and sighs, and scripture texts
You took the stranger in;
And Dickie, darling, there were few

Could either sigh or groan like you,
About deceit and sin.

And have the Bailiffs had the face
To nab thee for horse-stealing?
Though it was but a worthless hack.
These Bailiffs are a heartless pack,
And wholly void of feeling.
And scripture texts are lost on them,
They know that little trick;
Thou hero of a hundred shaves,
They'll march thee off to lodge with knaves;
Alas, alas poor Dick!

And who, like you, could so denounce
All shuffling and lying.
To hear thee pleading for the right,
And spouting about "honour bright,"
Was truly edifying.
And how your virtuous wrath was roused
Against all low deceit,
Oh 'twas as good as comedy
To listen to the pious way
You stript the hypocrite.

For mercy all is lost on such,
And christian professors,

Would they but be advised by you,
It's to the death they would pursue
Those horrible transgressors.
For with a morbid charity
Some christians are afflicted:
But for yourself you ne'er could know,
How any christian man could show
Compassion for the wicked.

And how minutely you ran o'er
Their every little trick.
Their inmost nature well you knew,
From long experience you drew
Their character, dear Dick.
And how you dragged them to the light
And spat on them; and then
Fearfully funny 'twas to hear
You read their sentence dark and drear,
Then snivel out, amen!

With what contempt you'd speak of gold
As loathsome in your sight.
And then ye'd paint the place of woe,
To where the avaricious go,
With positive delight.
E'en then a petty larceny
Was looking from your eye;
In spite of thine affected grace

Nature was shouting in thy face,
"Oh what a monst'rous lie."

I've often heard you holding forth
On drunkenness and shame,
And, Dick, you really had the face
To send poor Burns to yon dark place,
Which men polite won't name.
And then the thought of cricket clubs
Oft made thee melancholy,
And oft you wish'd without a blush
The heavens themselves would fall and crush
Those sons of sin and folly.

And after all your rant, and cant
Of virtuous public feeling,
'Tis awful to be caught at last
In limbo like a felon cast,
And merely for horse stealing!
No doubt you'll try some other dodge,
For such has failed you never.
Hope whispers, by some crook or wile,
You'll yet escape from durance vile,
And preach as brisk as ever.

You deem society is but
Composed of knaves and fools,
And honesty's a mere quack drug,

Religion but a great humbug
The cunning use as tools.
Well, there are simpletons no doubt,
And you have pluck'd a few;
But, strange enough, folk always find
Some way at last to catch and bind
Philosophers like you.*

---

*A real personage is "Preaching Dick," and the type of a cloud of moral hornets with which Canada is sorely plagued. Of course in lashing such a vagabond there is no intention to cast ridicule upon honest-intentioned prelectors, however illiterate or uncouth they may be.

OLD UNCLE JOHN.

Old uncle John was tall and slim,
His face was very wan,
And in a cottage lone he dwelt
A melancholy man;
'Twas said that in his younger years
He loved Aunt Isabel,
But that he ne'er could find a tongue,
The tale of love to tell.

'Twas evident some secret grief
Was hanging on his heart,
He hated no one, yet he loved
To live a *thing* apart.
And though his views of life were dark,
He loved each living creature,
And what he could not find in men
He strove to find in nature.

The voices of the summer woods,
The murmur of the brooks,

Told him of things he could not find
Within the wisest books.
And oft I'd leave my youthful sports
And listen to the sage,
While thus he sigh'd and sorrow'd o'er
The follies of our age.

"This world is all so beautiful,
E'en here a God might dwell,
And yet we make it but a place,
Wherein to buy and sell.

"We are the very slaves of dust,
Our spirits have no sweep,
We soar not to the hidden heights,
Nor hover o'er the deep.

"God's holy temple's desolate,
There's nothing sacred now—
Save Mammon, yea, the only God
To which the people bow.

"Religion, ah it's little but
A foolish, frenzied dream,
We have transferred our faith in Christ
To science and to steam.

"We're beggars all in heart and soul,
Despite of all we've got,

And how we toil and strive for that
Which satisfieth not.

"The cry is still 'sow, reap and mow,
We live by bread alone,'
And men are measured by the feet
Of land which they may own.

"We long for wealth that we may feed
Our vanity and pride,
But what is gold, if we are poor
In everything beside?

"One sigh of human sympathy
Is dearer, far, to me,
Than all the gems and gauds for which
We ransack earth and sea.

"We have no faith nor trust in God,
Nor yet in one another,
We meet not with our fellow man
As we would with a brother.

"We speak not as the spirit prompts,
Ashamed of human feeling
Our very wisdom's but the art
Of little low concealing.

"Our science is but of the head,
And wholly without heart,
Oh give it life and that will be
The greatest work of art.

"We want a science of the soul,
A spiritual birth,
Ere love, and hope, and charity
Shall reign upon the earth."

THE VALE OF DREAMANORIE.

Oh the vale of Dreamanorie,
Oh the vale of Dreamanorie,
Wasna' I baith sick and sorry
When I left my Dreamanorie.

Often do I sigh and ponder,
    Often look across the main,
Often do I wish and wonder
    If I'll e'er get back again.

To the vale of Dreamanorie,
To the vale of Dreamanorie,
Oh my heart is sick and sorry
When I think of Dreamanorie.

Oft I think of thee full sadly,
    And my tears they fall like rain,
And or e'er I wist I'm gladly
    Wand'ring through thy bowers again.

Oh the vale of Dreamanorie,
Oh the vale of Dreamanorie,
Unrenowned in song or story,
Thou art still my Dreamanorie.

MARY BLANE.

I've wander'd far and wide,
Mary Blane,
Frae thee and Cartha's side,
Mary Blane;
Thy falsehood made me flee
Frae thae scenes sae dear to me,
Mary Blane, Mary Blane.

I left sweet Cartha's stream,
Mary Blane,
When ye woke me frae my dream,
Mary Blane,
For every flower and tree
Had some tale to tell o' thee,
Mary Blane, Mary Blane.

Oh it was ill thy part,
Mary Blane!
To break this faithfu' heart,
Mary Blane,
For ye were fause to me

When I could 'a died for thee,
Mary Blane, Mary Blane.

I never thocht that guile,
Mary Blane,
Could lurk in sic a smile,
Mary Blane,
Nor dream't that aught untrue
Could hae fa'n frae sic a mou',
Mary Blane, Mary Blane.

A weary wierd I dree,
Mary Blane,
And a' for sake o' thee,
Mary Blane,
For noo there's not a thing
Aroun' which my heart can cling,
Mary Blane, Mary Blane.

Nae hame's reserved for me,
Mary Blane ;
Nae bairnies climb my knee,
Mary Blane,
Yet I canna' wish thee ill,
For I'm fear't I lo'e thee still,
Mary Blane, Mary Blane.

THE WINDS ARISE.

The winds arise,
My heart replies ;
My soul's a harp which thrills
To every sound
That wanders 'round,
Or echoes 'mong the hills.

To every breeze
Which stirs the seas,
Or wails adown the glen,
Or wakes the rills,
Or shakes the hills
Like tramp of armed men.

For nature's child
Must love the wild,
The mountains nod to me,
I love the roar
Of forests hoar,
The thunders of the sea.

The summer dells,
Where beauty dwells,
Beside the waterfall,
The forest shades,
The green arcades
I love, I love them all.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ERRATA.

PAGE 6.—In contents, line 17th, for "Rose in a Church-yard," read Fellow abusing an Ox.
PAGE 41.—Line 22nd, for "reason," read season.
PAGE 55.—Line 3rd, for "back," read batch.
PAGE 71.—Line 9th, for "diggie," read dizzie.
PAGE 83.—Line 20th, read "of faith that would not vary."
PAGE 95.—Line 8th, for "love," read bore.
PAGE 122.—Line 15th, for "creed," read greed.

and we would hope an acquisition to the land of his adoption.

EDITOR OF THE GLASGOW WORKMAN.

Mr. M'Lachlan possesses much of the Tenier-like talent of the author of "Watty and Meg."

TORONTO GLOBE.

A Canadian poet is a *rara avis*, and Mr. M'Lachlan possesses in a rare degree the power to enchant and captivate the sympathies. He is one of those authors, who, breaking through all the restraints and difficulties which a

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

High is the position which Alexander M'Lachlan occupies in our psychologic books. As a song writer, he may fairly challenge competition with any of the "irritable race" who make vocal the woods of Canada. We have seen this volume, and would indulge the hope that Canada West will cordially extend the right hand of welcome to one of the few poets worthy the name who adorn her borders.

REV. R. J. MACGEORGE.

We have received numerous contributions from Scotsmen in the colonies, and have great pleasure in awarding this month's prize to Alexander M'Lachlan, for his national song of the "Halls of Holyrood." Mr. M'Lachlan's patriotism and intelligence are a credit to the country of his birth, and we would hope an acquisition to the land of his adoption.

EDITOR OF THE GLASGOW WORKMAN.

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new country interposes, give vent and individuality to their thoughts and characters which will survive the treacherous pangs of time.

HALTON JOURNAL.

Mr. M'Lachlan possesses a range of thought, a power of language, and a depth of feeling, unknown to the mazy dreaming poets of the present day. He unquestionably deserves well of his adopted country, and of those, especially, who have left behind and to whom the blue hills of Scotland should be forever dear. We will watch how true merit is rewarded, for he is assuredly destined to rise to eminence.

CALEDONIA ADVERTISER.

Mr. M'Lachlan evinces a fertile and bright imagination, and aptness and beauty of expression, which cannot be learned, and is a gift of which few indeed in this age are possessed.

DUMFRIES REFORMER.

Mr. M'Lachlan makes no pretensions to learning of the schools, that was not within his reach, but the world was his school, and men unknown to themselves, his teachers and examples. Humanity and its workings has formed his study. Ocean and river, forest and flower, heaven and earth, life, death and immortality, have filled his mind with their beauty and sublimity, till it has overflowed in the language of poetry.

BRAMPTON TIMES.

Certain of the advance sheets of these Lyrics have been received. They are smoothly and carefully written and must take and keep their place among the best efforts of the kind yet brought to light in Canada. The "Halls of Holyrood" and "Old Hannah" will bear comparison with many poems which have obtained a wide celebrity differing as they do in every particular, their finish and pleasing effect, are such as to induce a belief that the writer possesses much of the stuff that makes the true Poet. Every intelligent Scot should procure a copy.

BRITISH WHIG.

Mr. M'Lachlan's muse is essentially lyrical, as his "Bonnie Jean," "Old Hannah," "A Wreck," "The Genius of Canada," and other pieces affirm. What intelligent Scots-

man will not readily come forward and support the Minstrel who chants not only "the loved songs of his own native land" so sweetly, but songs having reference to the land of his adoption, and in which let us hope he will remain for many years to come, to aid in keeping alive in us the true spirit of poetry and make us feel indeed that—

"—— to know and love each other,
Heaven in pity sent us song."

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Mr. M'Lachlan appears before the Canadian public as a singer of no mean powers. True, it may be that "Cœlum non animum mutant qui transmare currunt." Yet to poetic fledglings it is surely matter of encouragement to know that beneath our northern skies some Olympic eagles have trimmed their wings for ærial journeys. We are ever ready at the sight of the poetic spark to say, "Aha!" when we behold the fire to proclaim our warmth. At sight of "Benlomond," who does not recognize the verdant giant over whose shoulders the morning light chases the misty ghosts to the regions of the cloud and the storm.

DAILY NEWS.

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